

Burning Touch

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1771765) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/1771765>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Kill la Kill
Relationship:	Matoi Ryuuko/Sanageyama Uzu
Characters:	Matoi Ryuuko , Sanageyama Uzu , Senketsu , Mankanshoku Mako
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Cute
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2014-06-12 Words: 2,120 Chapters: 1/1

Burning Touch

by [RaeRaePapaya](#)

Summary

He knows the reason she has been avoiding him, but she doesn't seem to know the reason herself.

Ryuko gasped and pulled her hand to her chest, clutching onto it as though it were injured. The skin on the back of her hand was burning, a slight tingling sensation just below the first layer of her skin was left when something brushed against her hand; someone else's hand.

She looked up at the perpetrator, blue eyes wide, only to find herself looking at Sanageyama's back as he had brushed past her.

"Ryuko-chan?" Mako piped up, snapping Ryuko from her state of confusion.

She turned and looked at her friend who was giving her a look of worry and confusion. "H-Huh?" She asked, still confused about what had happened.

"Is something wrong, Ryuko?" Senketsu asked. She looked down at the sailor uniform.

"U-Uh..." She trailed off, her eyes rising back up to look at Sanageyama's retreating form as he continued on his way to join the other Elite Four and Satsuki. "N-Nothing is wrong, sorry. It was just my imagination..." She replied, squeezing her hand a little tighter.

The burning sensation had not yet gone away.

=====

"Hey! Get back here, underachiever's little brother!"

Ryuko looked around, stopping in her tracks as she did so. In her peripheral, she spotted something move and immediately directed her attention to it. She eased up a little upon seeing it was only Sanageyama, turning the corner in her direction.

"Ah, Sanageyama..." She greeted him in a slight surprise.

The masked swordsman turned his head in her direction, regarding her with a head nod. "Ah, Matoi-" he stopped short and turned his head slightly to look over his shoulder.

Ryuko looked at him, raising her brow in confusion. "Sana-" she stopped when she heard the rapid sound of approaching footsteps and Sanageyama suddenly sidestepped in her direction, bumping shoulders with her. She felt an immense, but not uncomfortable, amount of warmth in her shoulder where Sanageyama had made contact with her, despite the contact lasting no longer than a few seconds.

Mataro's laughter rang out through the hallways as he turned the corner with something in his hand, Jakuzure not far behind, yelling for him to stop.

Ryuko held her breath and flinched away from Sanageyama as the other two passed by harmlessly. "Ah, sorry about bumping into you, Ma- is something wrong?" Sanageyama asked, sensing an anxiousness about Ryuko. The girl clutched her shoulder where Sanageyama had bumped into her, a familiar burning sensation occurring there.

"N-Nothing! Nothing is wrong!" She replied quickly, scurrying out of the hall.

Her shoulder was still tingling.

=====

Ryuko looked around at the remnants of debris from her fight against Satsuki and the others while she was under Ragyo's control. She looked around, seeing everyone else doing their fair share of helping clean off the debris. Most of the larger pieces were gone, leaving only the smaller fragments.

With a soft breath, she leaned down, picking up a few pieces into her arms to help with the clean up as well. The mess was her fault anyway.

"Ryuko-chan!"

The girl stood straight, hearing Mako calling her, and more likely than not, also lunging at her. She whipped her head around to see Mako was indeed lunging at her, most likely for a hug. Upon instinct, Ryuko side-stepped out of the way, tripping over a piece of debris as Mako whizzed past her, instead tackling Gamagoori who wasn't too far away.

"H-Huh?!" Ryuko's arms scrambled about, dropping her picked up debris as she searched for something to grab onto to hold her up. Before she hit the ground, a warm hand grabbed onto her wrist, keeping her from falling. Surprised, Ryuko looked up at her savior, finding a familiar male with green hair and matching mask. She flushed, immediately noting the tingling sensation on her wrist where Sanageyama's hand was.

"Oi, watch yourself, Matoi." Sanageyama said to her as he helped her stand upright.

Upon settling on her feet, Ryuko ripped her hand from Sanageyama's grasp, earning a confused look from the masked swordsman.

"Hey, Ryuko-chan! Why did you move out of the way?" Mako asked, skipping over to Ryuko. Blinking, Ryuko pried her eyes away from Sanageyama to look at her friend.

"Huh? Sorry, Mako. I guess my fighter instincts kicked in." She replied, noticing that Sanageyama had shrugged her off in her peripheral and headed off to who knows where.

Ryuko jumped slightly, feeling Mako poke her wrist, the one she had been unconsciously clutching onto desperately and the very same one where Sanageyama had grabbed her.

"Ryuko-chan? Is something wrong with your hand? Did you hurt it?" Mako asked.

Ryuko paused and glanced down at her wrist. "... No, it's not hurt... It just... Feels weird..."

=====

"Fight me, Matoi!"

Ryuko turned around, her eyes once on the blue sea were now on the masked swordsman. "Huh?" She asked.

Sanageyama pointed his weapon at her, the green claws he most likely borrowed from Nudist Beach. "Fight me, Matoi! It's been a long time since we've fought and I was the only one who didn't get a proper match against you during the elections." He said to her.

Smirking, Ryuko stood to her feet, pulling her shrunken scissor blades from her pocket and enlarging them to their original size. "Hmm. Fine, you're on, Sanageyama." She said, transforming.

Their blades clashed, their shouts echoed each other's. They had been going at this for who knows how long, most likely they were starting to bother the other members.

"Hrah!" Sanageyama swiped at her and Ryuko ducked out of the way, seeping at the swordsman's feet. He jumped back and Ryuko followed after him, expertly swinging her scissor blades at him. He smirked, deftly blocking and dodging her swings. "Hmph, is that all you've got, Matoi?" He taunted.

Ryuko smirked as well. "I'm going easy on you, Sanageyama." She said, adjusting her grip on one of her scissor blades to hit him with the handle side. "Hah!" She swung at him.

Quick on his feet, Sanageyama ducked low to the ground, easily avoiding her attack. Seeing an opening in her stance, Sanageyama lunged. Before he could get off the ground, Ryuko spotted his part of his bandana lying on the ground. Without thinking, she set her foot on it.

"Hah, did you think that woul-" Sanageyama taunted only to get cut off short. His head reeled back from the sudden stop in momentum, but the rest of his body kept moving. There was the sound of something tearing and Sanageyama suddenly fell forward, collapsing onto Ryuko.

"H-Huh?!" Ryuko squeaked as she and Sanageyama suddenly tumbled onto the ground in a heap, Sanageyama on top of her. Their weapons scattered and slid off to the side after the impact and Ryuko transformed back into her sailor uniform. "Oww... Oww..." Ryuko whined, moving a hand to rub the back of her sore head. She stopped short when she registered that the rest of her body was starting to feel incredibly warm.

Flushing, Ryuko looked down to see Sanageyama was laying entirely on her, his head pressed against her bosom. She flushed a deeper shade of red and glared down at the swordsman. "P-Pervert!" She yelled, roughly shoving him off of her. Sanageyama landed with a grunt and Ryuko scooched away from him, sitting up to glare at him.

"Ow... Geez, what is wrong with you, Matoi?!" Sanageyama yelled and looked up at the girl. Ryuko crossed her arm across her chest protectively.

"Me? What's wrong with you, pervert?!" She shot back.

Sanageyama clicked his tongue and rubbed the back of his head. He shook his head and stood to his feet. "Tsk, nevermind." He brushed himself off and turned his back to Ryuko. She immediately noted that his bandana was uneven. One of the strings was torn, about an inch or

two was torn off the bottom. "Good match, Matoi. I think that's good enough for now." Sanageyama said, snapping Ryuko out of her trance.

She looked up at him, watching him as he gathered his green claws and walked off, leaving her there.

Ryuko bit her lip and looked down at her lap. Her body was still tingling where his bare one was pressed up against her. Pressing her hand over her heart, she immediately noted the way that it was racing in her chest.

=====

Ryuko felt her cheeks redden as she felt her back run into the wall behind her. Her eyes flicked around desperately searching for an exit or just so she didn't have to look at the toned, bare chest in front of her or the face of the person whose said chest belongs to.

"Matoi."

She flinched and slowly brought her eyes up to Sanageyama's face. He was so close, she could almost see the pores in his tanned skin.

"Why have you been avoiding me?" He asked. He had managed to corner her in the halls of the S.S. Naked Sun. Everyone else had gone outside to eat the croquettes that Mako's mother had made for dinner. She and Sanageyama were the only ones inside at the moment.

Surely one of them would come searching for them and she would be free of this current predicament.

"Matoi." Sanageyama snapped her out of her trance and she looked back up at him.

"I-I'm not avoiding you." She replied. She was lying, straight through her teeth. The past few days, she had made it an extra effort to avoid getting too close to the swordsman, even going so far as to try and not be in the same enclosed space as him.

Clearly, she wasn't doing so well at the moment.

"Liar." Sanageyama called out. "You've been avoiding me and I'd like to know why."

"I don't know what you're talking about, S-Sanageyama. I haven't been-"

"Matoi." Sanageyama cut her off, his tone warning. He stepped forward and Ryuko held in a squeak. His chest was barely brushing against hers, his figure towering over hers. She was trapped between him and the wall with no escape.

Gulping, Ryuko turned her head away from him, her cheeks flushed red. "A-Alright, geez, so maybe I have b-been avoiding you. So what?" She stammered. Sanageyama regarded her with a curious and surprised tone. So she *was* avoiding him.

"B-But, really, i-it's all your fault!"

Sanageyama looked down at her curiously. He remained quiet as she continued. "You... It hurts. Wh-When you touch me, i-it hurts..." She mumbled, her cheeks matching the same color as the streak in her hair.

Subconsciously, Sanageyama flexed his hand. He didn't think that was the reason she was avoiding him. In these past few days, he had almost no physical contact with her. So when did he hurt her?

"You... You when you touch me, my skin gets all tingly and there's this burning feeling beneath my skin." Ryuko murmured. Sanageyama flushed and for the moment, he was glad that Ryuko wasn't looking at him.

So that was the reason she was avoiding him.

He wasn't stupid. He knew what was going through the younger girl's head and he knew why she was reacting the way she did when he made physical contact with her. As Ryuko continued on speaking, Sanageyama released a soft breath of relief. He was glad to know that he wasn't the only one feeling that way.

He snapped himself out of his trance to find that Ryuko was still rambling on.

"I mean, I-I-I don't think I'm getting sick or anything, it's jus-" she stopped when Sanageyama grabbed her chin between his thumb and finger, and tilted her head upward. He dipped his head down, pressing his lips to hers. Her lips were like fire, not too hot or uncomfortable, but warm and welcoming. He slanted his lips against hers and his heart jumped when he felt Ryuko gently return the kiss with small, timid movements. He moved his hands to cup her jaw, his fingertips hidden in the locks of her two-toned hair. He smirked against the kiss, feeling her shiver beneath his touch.

Before he got too carried away, he pulled away and was more than pleased to hear Ryuko make a small noise of discontent upon him moving away from her. He grinned and kissed her once more before pulling away to look at her.

Realizing what he had just done, Sanageyama quickly pulled away from Ryuko, his cheeks flushed red. He scratched the back of his head. "Erm... I..." He coughed into his hand. "... Do you still think that it's a cold that's making you feel this way?" He asked.

Ryuko looked at him with a look of surprise before chuckling and shaking her head. "No, I don't..." She mumbled, placing her hand over her racing heart.

FIN.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!